

OUR

OUR HOLINESS
A COLONY

BRANCHES OR PARASITES, WHICH

BY PROFESSOR MUDD, F. R. S. "THE
LITTLEST BOTANIST."

From the *Australians* "Full Scientist
for December.

"Oh, I may, look at that, tree! In
life I have never seen such a sight.
directed my gaze in the line indicated
was soon in rejoins over the, though
having discerned a new species of
Yes, there it was, a hundred yards
at the verge of the forest-fringed fawn
the *Flindersia* tree, which was

[illegible]

One I had seen so corroded was another specimen of the same tree exhibiting signs of luxuriance. Free from parasitic epiphytes and fraud, it was a perfect tower of brilliancy in symmetry and foliage. Its beauty was of the earth. Seemingly, it was all branches and evergreen branches, picture in itself. I looked again at the tree and found that at a distance its identity was lost in the parasites.

It requires a powerful microscope to detect *Jess* in many of His professed lovers.

During the dark ages, and for hundreds of years, His identity was almost obliterated by the parasitical growths now placed upon Him.

Struck with the failure of mission work in India—you needed a microscope to see it when it was there—I closely qu-

through the many unorthodox manner of Jesus in contact with upon the surface of the Gospel. The authority of these innovations was the changing the traditional view with religious bearing the innovation of Jesus Christ and professing to belong to the same, and yet, when the natives read the life of that same Jesus for themselves, it was found that the authority of Jesus had failed to save Jesus of Nazareth in the religions offered to them. It was a man of the tree covered with orchids again. They could see the parallel but not the tree itself.

From personal experience I know that amongst men who think for themselves there is a recognized fact that the Jesus of the Gospel is a totally different being from the Jesus of popular Christianity. "Jesus" may come in of remembrance, be it Jesus, the Nazarene, and the average saint of His professed emissaries of this century and I will live in it as a challenge.

which I have often heard uttered.

These beautiful orchids were not the tree and they were not of the tree.

"I am the Vine and ye are the branches."


We may be beautiful and dress out in the fashions of so-called Christendom, get the alms of a church, the pew of a church or the seat of a Salvation Army bazaar, and yet our flowers and our leaves, and yet our fruit may be of the tree of the serpent.

Our fine, costly, and beautiful preaching and singing may attract the multitudes, and very many ornament the archives and annals of Christian organizations, and yet we may be serving only the objects parasites, and doing injury to Jesus.

Letting our dress, manner, preaching, singing out and show forth Jesus, we are not branches. Some parasites are ugly, and are perfect frowns and robberies of their habits. Real blood-suckers, they and eat away at the juices of the plant.

A large, dense crowd of people, mostly men, gathered outdoors, likely for a protest or public demonstration. The image is somewhat blurry and has a high-contrast, grainy quality, suggesting it might be a photocopy or a low-quality photograph. The crowd is packed closely together, filling the frame from the bottom to the top. The individuals are mostly seen from the back or side, and their features are not clearly distinguishable due to the distance and image quality. The overall impression is one of a massive gathering of people.

we soldiers of the Salvation Army because we believe in it, or is it for vain purpose of our own? To be seen and heard of men and women? No, no, no! We are here in contact with the Army and have no other source of benefit for themselves. The weak and sup. errant, but never give in to the temptation of the world, the flesh, and the devil, undermine, run down, and condemn everything and everybody from the pulpit, the platform, and the press. I would like to see the world, the flesh, and the devil, keep us from being despised. O blessed Lord, keep before the world as salvationalists, we our uniform, and pretend to fight in our own name, but have no experience, no power, no life on the experience, and testimonies of others. They take, but never give. Their hands are always open, but their hearts are closed. They are the branches of the broom rapier. May we all be the broom rapier, and not dodgers or broom rapier.

[illegible]

Salvation Songs.

The Cleansing Fountain.

LIEUTENANT W. CARPENTERS.

TUNE—Rev. of Aton.

(Can be sung to B.J. 121, or B.J. 64.)

1 Have you heard of the great fountain?
That was opened at Calvary?
Open for all lands and nations
To wash away all sin?
Seek its cleansing, seek its cleansing,
Now, poor sinner, while you may.

Many, since it has been opened,
Plunged beneath its crimson tide,
But it still remains its power
To make your black heart white.
Come and try it, once and try it,
Try it now while yet there's time.

Yes, for you this cleansing current
From the wounds of Calvary flows;
You have often seen its miracle,
How it cleanses without stain.
It will cleanse you from all your sins,
Cleanse you from all your sins.

Now no longer, sinner, harden
Your poor heart that is stained with sin;
For the fountain now is open,
And its waters are flowing.
Bliss beneath its crimson waves.

Make the Wide World Ring.

BY ELLIOT FERN.

TUNE—We are marching onward, singing
to you. B.J. 68.

2 We are soldiers bravely fighting
For our King,
Of His love and power our valours loudly
sing.
With His promise we will make the wide
world ring.
We are here, His Cross to share.

CORUS.
Come along, sing our song,
For the right bravely fight;
Come to us, don't desert us,
You can conquer in God's might.

Now, the Army God of yellow, red and
black,
Our hearts to Jesus will be true and true,
Whether faithful souls be many or be few,
He may count them all as one.

We remember when we don't forget the
place
Where we found His love and wonderful
pardoning grace,
So the devil's house we fearfully can face,
While we in His strength go on.

We have started out, and never will return,
Through the devil's trail to bring us
back to sin.
We will walk on, until as Jesus' feet
We our trophies all lay down.

Near Hell's Brink.

BY LIEUTENANT JONES.

TUNE—This is the way I love my Saviour.
B.J. 104.

3 Oh, step, poor sinner, step and think,
This chance will soon be past;
Your feet are very near hell's brink,
And this may be your last.

A faithful voice bids you repent,
Ask Jesus to forgive;
Your life at present is in peril,
Oh, heed the voice and live.

CORUS.
This call may be your last,
For time is passing fast;
Oh, come to Him, He'll take you in,
And pardon all the past.

Oh, heed the Saviour's pleading call,
That comes from Calvary;
Then, poor soul, He gave up all,
To save you from sin.

Then come to Him without delay,
In faith for mercy call;
Before it is too late to cry,
Come, freely give up all.

Your life of sin has brought you pain,
Remorse and dark despair;
You sought not Him, but worldly gain,
And led your soul to ruin.

You sought not God's love,
To settle your soul;
Then come to Him just as you are,
He will forgive you all.

My Sins are Washed Away.

Words and music by Lieut. C. J. BRANCH.

1 I once was a wanderer from God,
My heart was all blackened with sin,
A wanderer from God,
A wanderer from God.

2 I thought not of Jesus' great love,
Who died the poor
blackened with sin,
blackened with sin.

3 I thought not of Jesus' great love,
Who died the poor
blackened with sin,
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The Hallelujah Ship.

BY SIXTEEN STITCHES.

TUNE—Glorious, short. B.J. 112.

1 To Christ the hope
Of every man,
Our offerings we will bring,
With cheerful heart
We'll do our part.

2 And like to Jesus bring,
We will not lag,
And like to Jesus bring,
We will not lag.

3 The whole Dominion through,
We're bound for Calvary's shore,
We're bound for Calvary's shore,
We're bound for Calvary's shore.

4 The whole Dominion through,
We're bound for Calvary's shore,
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Territorial Topics.

BY THE COMMANDANT.

Long life, many joys, and peace, I wish to
The New Officer.

You'll meet them all. You come to receive among one of the
The New Officer.

Changes in the Dominion may be made in the right
Right Turn!

Another development in the appointment of a daily
And Help for the

In addition to the provisions of Adjutant Jones and
Promotions.

Now, my beloved comrades, let me put your attention
The Way Down.

We are about to witness the second change of what
Charge Again!

We have just received the following—
Fernando, January 31, 1894.

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Fernando, January 31, 1894.

The Making of the "Flying Squadron."

(Continued from page 7.)

for their millinery's and tailor's establishments, whose Christian should carry his religion right there, even to the very doors.

Amongst the testimonies were two from boys, which bore every mark of intelligence and sincerity. One in the opinion, one in the barracks, and one after church hours by request of the ministers and Sunday School teachers in the town hall.

The town hall meeting was made an opportunity for an explanatory address on the Salvation Army. The Commandant's dramatic impersonations of characters exciting the most lively attention.

All the meetings were crowded, especially the concluding one on Sunday night; indeed, it was with difficulty the doors could be kept closed as the crowd of 300 people—still outside and longing to enter the already over-full house.

WATER.

The Praying Gang showed up well at this meeting. They talks were good and simple and earnest. The results of the meeting were two seekers for pardon. When these two comrades were "through," they took place a great mental wrangle and a war dance. "Music and Dances." It is not that they should make merry, for this they brother was dead, and is alive again; he was lost and is found.

STAYWOR.

Quite a lot of help has been rendered the Commandant and the new crusaders by the soldiers and friends in the respective neighborhoods bringing their delegates and placing them at our disposal. We thank one and all.

Thursday was a busy day. Leaving Orlia by the 8:30 a.m. train we were met by two comrades from Edinburgh with their delegates.

The Flying Squadron's VISIT TO COLLINGWOOD.

A Night at Russelltown.

TWO HUNDRED TO HOLD A PRAYER MEETING.

At Collingwood, notwithstanding there was a great deal of snow about, the large barracks was filled with a wide-awake and thoroughly appreciative audience.

A conspicuous feature in the barracks, which is a fine, old brick structure, with little walls plastered and lathwork, was a number of striking texts well painted on long strips of wall paper by Robert Dowell's own hand.

The meeting was kept a-bell from first to last. The Commandant extolled himself. Said one of the townsmen to Robert Dowell, "I thought you were showing the Commandant's temper too high, and I just set your announcement of him down to half size, but now—"

You didn't say half God enough."

The boys and girls of the Praying Gang took place in the meeting, likewise Robert Dowell, Robert Dowell, and the war Correspondent. In the live prayer meeting which followed, eight persons were found at the front seeking forgiveness of sins.

At Collingwood an event occurred which brought home to the eyes of the praying troops. The Commandant presented (before the meeting) a man of letters, and appointed him to assist Captain Green in Collingwood. Our loss is Collingwood's gain. The man of letters is a man of letters and a man of letters.

On Thursday morning, Brother Kirby again came to our help with horses and sleigh, and helped to set Staywor, and the white party were glad of the opportunity to get "thawed out."

Calling at Mrs. Love's we met

A Dear Old Lady of Ninety-Six Years of Age.

One of my visiting to see her at her narrow bed determined to know when the

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THE WAR CRY.

mountain peaks, he is entranced with the fair light and cries in a rapture:

"Nothing Can Equal This Lovely Scene!"

"Glad," cries the guide, "Rejoice you to see the clouds and sleep till day-dawn, then I will call you to see the sunrise. At sunset the tourist is awakened. He again goes forth to the mountain top. There amidst glacial and snowy peaks and blue the world of day. Now is every white peak clothed with glory, at the touch of the sun all that last night was silver, is bathed, burnished and glistening with rich red gold. So is the love of Christ above the light of the world. The scene of the night is forgotten in the glory which the Sun of Righteousness sheds on the trusting, obedient soul."

At a late hour the meeting closed, every person apparently delighted with the meeting. Visible results were hoped for, but the crowd, who seemed to be in a hurry to go, was so dense we could not properly run prayer meeting tables.

Several times through a continuous fall of snow on Friday to Sunday. A fine snow with all church service and fun, bowed the Army is quite on a par with the rest of the town.

And Woe! What a Most Ecclesiastical Looking Edition.

The only thing about it being the slightest bit of a joke is that it is used for a prayer book by an Army corps painted light up in the front. Hurdle for the blood-red, which is adapted to all without the loss of its purpose!

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THE WAR CRY.

mountain peaks, he is entranced with the fair light and cries in a rapture:

"Nothing Can Equal This Lovely Scene!"

"Glad," cries the guide, "Rejoice you to see the clouds and sleep till day-dawn, then I will call you to see the sunrise. At sunset the tourist is awakened. He again goes forth to the mountain top. There amidst glacial and snowy peaks and blue the world of day. Now is every white peak clothed with glory, at the touch of the sun all that last night was silver, is bathed, burnished and glistening with rich red gold. So is the love of Christ above the light of the world. The scene of the night is forgotten in the glory which the Sun of Righteousness sheds on the trusting, obedient soul."

At a late hour the meeting closed, every person apparently delighted with the meeting. Visible results were hoped for, but the crowd, who seemed to be in a hurry to go, was so dense we could not properly run prayer meeting tables.

Several times through a continuous fall of snow on Friday to Sunday. A fine snow with all church service and fun, bowed the Army is quite on a par with the rest of the town.

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training some officers who may be sent to
any part of the Army
ed to serve in their positions, but he will

no matter what creed or color, we ask no
 money or dues, a hundred greetings

...saviour of the lost.

...nearly one half barrel of fermented
...consumed in the United States last

100-443887-100

A dark, high-contrast, black and white image showing a dense, textured surface, possibly a wall or a large object, with a bright horizontal line near the top edge. The image is heavily degraded with horizontal streaks and noise, making any original content nearly impossible to discern.

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[illegible]

